

The World.

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ST. PATRICK'S DAY AND LEAP YEAR.



SAINT PATRICK in tradition receives the credit both for driving the snakes out of Ireland and for women's privilege of proposing in leap year. This combination should cause on Saint Patrick's Day in a leap year a bigger celebration than usual.

Saint Patrick, according to the best antiquarian authorities, was not an Irishman, but a Scotchman. His birthplace is set down as Dumbarton, a few miles from Glasgow.

Best the Scots may take the credit of Saint Patrick's deeds to themselves, it should be added that he was of Roman descent, his father being Calpornius.

In the days when he was born, some time in the fourth century, the north of Ireland was the home of famous pirates, who would make incursions on the Roman settlements and return with slaves and plunder. When Saint Patrick was a young man these pirates captured him and sold him to an Antrim chief, where he was put to work attending cattle.

After years of servitude he escaped on a French ship and went to Tours, where he was consecrated as a priest and changed his name to Patrick.

He returned to Ireland as a missionary and spent fifty years there converting people who were previously heathens. He had the advantage of knowing their language and customs from the experience of his years of slavery.



These facts are fairly well authenticated. As regards the snake and leap year traditions the stories are legendary. It is doubtful that there ever were any snakes in Ireland. It is also doubtful that there have been no snakes in Ireland since Saint Patrick's time. In the writings that are attributed to Saint Patrick, parts of which have been handed down with more or less fidelity, there is little foundation for either the snakes or the leap year tradition.

The story of the leap year tradition is that Saint Bridget asked Saint Patrick to confer a boon upon women and to do something to prevent so many women who would make good wives from dying as spinners. Saint Patrick refused to put woman on an equality with men, but he consented that one year in seven they might have whatever rights they chose to assert.

At Saint Bridget's solicitation this was reduced from one year in seven to one in four. Further, Saint Bridget chose leap year because it was the longest year and gave spinners one more day of privilege than ordinary years.

There are two Saint Bridgets—one the daughter of a Swedish prince who lived in the fourteenth century and became the female saint of Sweden, and the better known Saint Brigit, whose name is also spelled Brigit, who was born in Ireland north of Dublin, became a nun and founded the monastery of Kildare. She was so beautiful that to escape the many offers of marriage she received she prayed that she might lose her good looks. Her prayer was granted, and the remainder of her life was spent in bringing up young girls.

According to the generally accepted dates Saint Bridget was only ten years old when Saint Patrick died, but that is no sufficient reason for assailing the legendary origin of women's leap year privilege.

Letters from the People.

Minor Athletes.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Your cartoon on Thurston is excellent. What manner of man is this that seems to want men in the National Guard without nerve or muscle? Who can fail to see that it does not lessen a man's dignity to be an athlete?

EX-NATIONAL GUARD.
Another Nature Fakie.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I beg to inquire whether there is any truth in the rumor that the long-shorn being told at the Bronx is a remote ancestor of our respected District-Attorney, William Travers Jerome?

NATURE FAKER.
The New Drinking Troughs.

To the Editor of The Evening World:
I read of the acceptance by the Art Commission of twenty drinking troughs provided by the S. P. C. A., to be placed in different parts of the city. I am heartily in favor of anything to relieve the suffering of the horses of our city, but it strikes me as peculiar that Union Square should have been overlooked again. I am sure the antiquated fountain on the northeast corner of Union Square, nearest seven-teenth street, ought to be replaced by one that would fill the requirements and add to the laurels of the great society.

CHARLES P. NYE.
Nature Fakers, Ahoy!

To the Editor of The Evening World:
While on one of the Pennsylvania ferry boats the other night I heard two

men arguing as to what the groundhog really was. One claimed it was a species of mole, and the other said it was an animal weighing about 200 pounds and covered with long, sharp points. My impression is that it is really the woodchuck, but having been raised on the alkali plains of Arizona, where even the jackrabbit has a hard time living, I am not acquainted with any of the aforementioned "critters." Can any nature faker please enlighten me on this subject, without telling me that the new fangled have raised a new specimen of groundhog?

EX-COMPUNCHER.
"Wife, Mother or Child?"

To the Editor of The Evening World:
Here is something for readers to discuss: A man, with his wife, mother and child, were sailing in a boat. The boat sank. The man saved himself by hanging on a piece of wood floating in the water. Now on this piece of wood he could save his person. So the question is: "Whom should he save?"

HARRY R.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
If a man is born in this country of foreign parents (and his father has not taken out papers, is he not a citizen?)
H. E. C.
He is William F. Cody.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is Buffalo Bill (who has the Wild West show) William F. Cody or another man who takes the name of Buffalo Bill?

St. Patrick's Day.

By Maurice Ketten.



Look Out for the Lodge Reception With Water-Wagon Trimmings! As Mr. Jarr Can Tell You, It's Loaded to the Guards With Trouble.

By Roy L. McCardell.



MR. JARR'S lodge gave a reception to its members and their wives, friends and sweethearts at the lodge rooms. The brothers of the lodge had debated pre and con as to whether it should be a banquet with roses and wine or a vaudeville show followed by dancing.

Mr. Jarr, of Brooklyn, threw the deciding vote. In committee, against the banquet with roses and wine. "You know how it is, brothers," he said, "we get enough criticism from our wives, who connect lodge nights with the fact that some of our members occasionally imbibe after lodge meetings. I am of the opinion that if we have a banquet with wine it will confirm ungrounded suspicion that the work of this lodge, which is all for virtue and mercy, consists of tolerance of the Demon Rum!"

There were loud cries of "Hear! Hear!" and "You're right!"

"Therefore," continued Brother Gote, of Brooklyn, "I move we have the entertainment and dance, for a banquet without wine would be a hollow mockery. Nothing but lemonade or soft drinks need be served to our guests in the lodge room during the dance. If any member wants something stronger, he knows where to get it. But it will be a mistake to serve liquor in any shape, because our worthy and inquisitive wives will, seeing liquor served at the entertainment, never believe but what it is a part of the lodge's ritual!"

Mr. Jarr and Mr. Rangle demurred. They thought such a precedent was tracking to the mollycoddle element in the lodge, but the conservatives carried the day.

The night of the entertainment Mrs. Jarr had an invitation to a dinner party at Mrs. Strayver's, where she met so many real society people that the delicious dreariness of the affair gave her a headache.

Returning home from this with Mr. Jarr, she declined to go at that hour to the lodge affair, but graciously permitted Mr. Jarr to attend, for, as she said, as she had heard no liquor was to be served, it would be reasonably safe for

him to at least be present, though late, as he was an officer in the lodge and a member of the reception committee.

When Mr. Jarr arrived at the lodge reception, the vaudeville entertainment was over and the dancing begun. But there was an alarming paucity of men. It appeared that rival candidates for the office of Supreme and Exalted Grand High Guardian had appeared at the affair and were busily canvassing for votes. Hence there were many exoduses of the lodge members at their invitation to come out to hotels in the neighborhood where "something" could be had.

Seeing Mr. Jarr enter, a young lady with angrily flashing eyes approached him and cried, "Oh, Mr. Jarr, don't you remember me? I'm the young lady who is engaged to Mr. Jenkins, in your office! Some of these brutes and beasts here have led him away an hour ago! He promised to be back in five minutes! I don't know a soul here! Take me out with you till I find him! and I'll never speak to him again!"

Now Mr. Jarr knew Mr. Jenkins. Jenkins had, although a single man, ladies, Jenkins had family. Taken out and given one drink, Jenkins straightway took several others and forgot home and mother, time and space.

"It isn't his fault, I know," sobbed the indignant fiancee of the recreant Jenkins; "some one is detaining him!"

Mr. Jarr gallantly escorted the young lady around to several hotels, where the candidates for Grand Guide were "setting 'em up." There was no sign of Jenkins, although the lady waited in the hotel offices while Mr. Jarr explored the bars.

Finally, they walked toward a brilliantly lighted cafe and restaurant. "I can't go in there," cried the indignant young woman.

"There's a restaurant next door. You can wait in there while I look," explained Mr. Jarr. "It's all right; it's a place for females!"

"Females!" cried the young lady indignantly; "how dare you speak that way to me!" And giving him a look of hatred, she ran out to where a street car had stopped and got aboard.

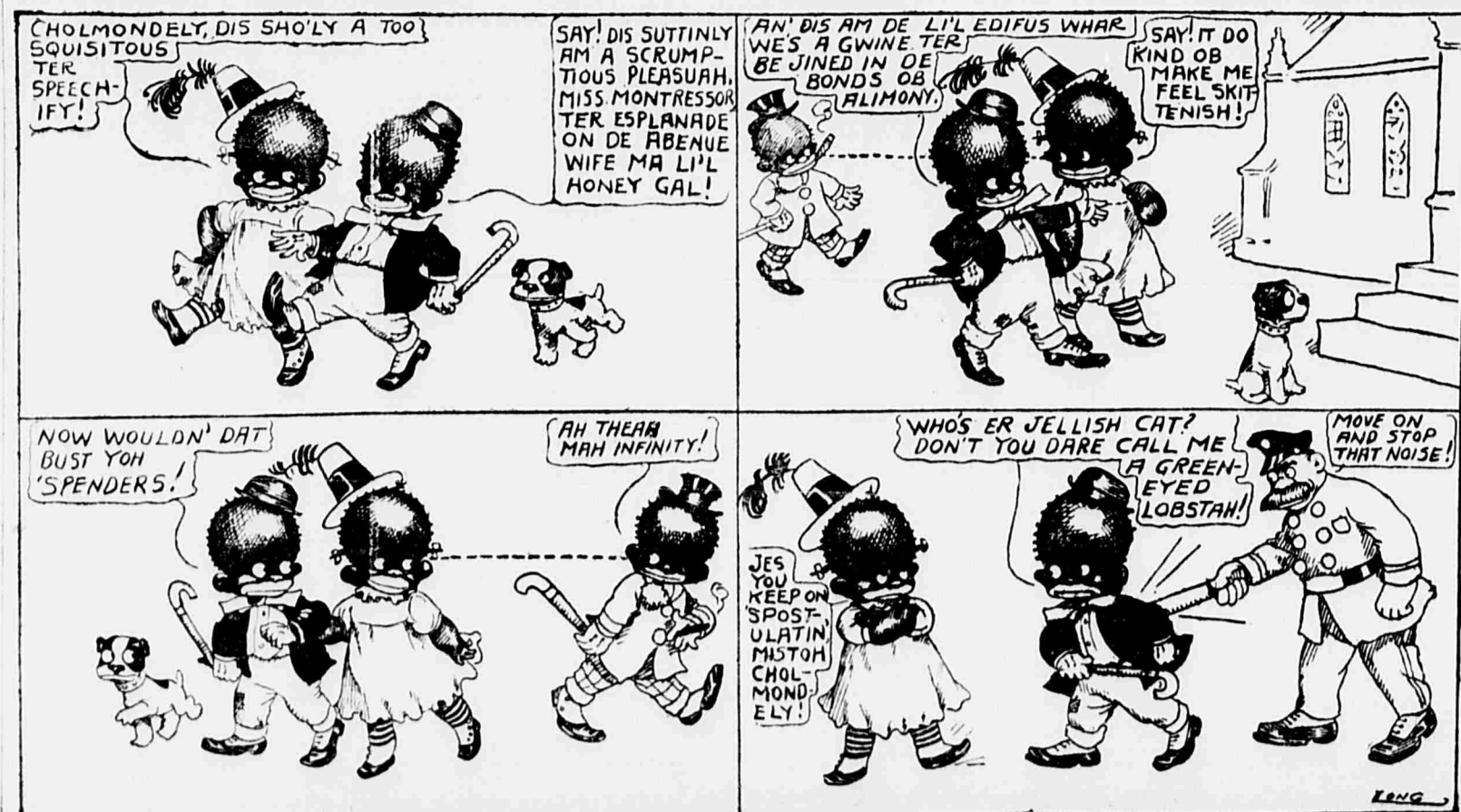
The next day Jenkins glowered at Jarr and accused him of insulting his sweetheart, and Mrs. Rangle told her servant, who told Mrs. Jarr's girl, who told Mrs. Jarr that Mr. Jarr had escorted a young lady home from the lodge affair.

Mr. Jarr thinks he'll commit suicide.

Juvenile Courtship

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM IN DARKTOWN.

By F. G. Long



THE STORY OF Saint Patrick And the Legend of the Shamrock.



IN the first place his original name was not "Patrick" at all. It was "Siccuan." Pope Celestin later gave him the name "Patrick," by which he was canonized and is still known.

Neither was he born in Ireland, nor on March 17. His birthplace is in doubt. It is thought to have been near Dumbarton, Scotland. He was born late in the fourth or early in the fifth century.

When he was a lad of sixteen a band of Irish pirates raided England and carried the future saint away among their prisoners to Ireland. There he was sold as slave to a rich man named Milcho. The boy was set to work as shepherd for his master's flocks on Slamish Mountain, County Antrim.

For seven long years he worked as herder, leading his sheep to the vast pastures and springs and guarding them from the wild beasts that infested the region. One night as he slept, worn out, on the hard ground he dreamed a vision called, bidding him arise and be free. In the same vision he saw a ship drawing near the coast, and was bidden by a voice from heaven to board it and sail away to liberty. He sprang up from his sleep and obeyed the call.

After a series of stirring adventures and half-breath escapes, Patrick reached the Continent of Europe. There, his mind turning to holy thoughts because of the miracle of his liberation, the young man entered upon a religious life. In time he attracted the Pope's notice, was ordained first a deacon, then a priest and at last a bishop.

He might perhaps have chosen some pleasant, easy pastorate, but his memory went back to all he had suffered in Ireland. He was filled with a longing to repay his ill-treatment at the hands of his captors by bringing them salvation. With this principle of returning good for evil, he set sail for the Irish coast.

Ireland was then populated by petty, warring tribes, who followed the ancient Druid faith. Human sacrifices and other barbarities were rife. To these heres Druidical priests St. Patrick made his first appeal. They rebuffed him. Then, as a necessary object lesson, he cursed the Druids' rich lands. The fields and forests withered and became waste bogs.

The Irish people beheld with awe a Power greater than their own murder-ous priesthood could wield. They listened eagerly to the message of Peace, Forgiveness and Brotherly Love taught by the strange newcomer. Many of the Christian teachings perplexed them. They could not understand, for instance, the doctrine of the Holy Trinity; how God could be Three Persons in One.

By way of explanation St. Patrick plucked a Shamrock and held it up before them that they might see the three separate leaves which at the same time sprang from a single stem. This illustration was easily within the grasp of the simplest mind. Ever since then the Shamrock has been associated with St. Patrick and with his anniversary.

Ireland, thanks to the Saint's eloquence and fervor, became a Christian country. His grand work accomplished, St. Patrick died (at Louppatrick, March 17, 463, it is said). Apart from what is actually known of his wonderful career, a host of legends surround his life story. The most notable of these is the story of his making a marvelous drum, at whose beating all the snakes in Ireland plunged headlong to death in the sea.

For more than fifteen hundred years the people whose ancestors he converted have rejoiced to honor St. Patrick's memory on March 17. No other anniversary can ever quite take its place in true Irish hearts.

Ten Thoughts.

1. INGRATITUDE is often mis-called independence.
2. Man—a midge playing with immensities.
3. What is called civilization is mainly convenience.
4. Money is means to an end; lack of it an end to mean.
5. The preacher who practices has little time for talk.
6. Some men repent their bad actions; most of them regret their good ones.
7. Punctuality is the thief of time—wasted waiting for the other fellow.
8. Size isn't everything. The coral insect has built some good islands.
9. Napoleon was a great man, but when he wore out his people he went to St. Helena.
10. There should be better ways of dying. Better die as the stag dies, sinking to sleep in the leaves and grass, than amid the anguish of doctors' beds and nurses—and then to re-emerge as leaves and grasses in the soft arms of the soil. BRICRIU

How Can a Woman Tell Love for Sure?

By Helen Oldfield.

HERE is but one answer to the oft-repeated question: How can a woman tell for sure, beyond all doubt, whether or not a man is in love with her? Social etiquette inflexibly rules that nothing, excepting his absolute assurance, spoken or written, to that effect justifies her in assuming the such is the case. Even then, the "beyond all doubt" is scarcely to be guaranteed.

"Men were deceivers ever," long before Shakespeare's day, and love has many counterfeits; innumerable that the ancient Greeks, who were wily above all other men, recognized two separate and distinct goals of love: Eros, the patron divinity of true lovers, and Anteros, who wooed only to deceive and betray.

"What we earnestly desire that also we believe. It is always easy to follow where inclination points the way, and hope as well as jealousy finds confirmation strong as holy writ" in what are merely trifles light as air. Therefore, when a woman is in love with a man, or, what is much the same thing, thinks that she is, there is great danger lest she shall misinterpret the ordinary courtesies which every man not a boor pays to every woman, and mistake little attentions which really mean nothing beyond a passing interest. If so much, for evidences of heartfelt affection.

It cannot be too strenuously insisted upon that no woman has the right to believe that a man is in love with her until he himself tells her so; or still less, that he wishes to marry her until he has asked her in language not to be mistaken to be his wife. In love affairs actions do not speak louder than words.

Only a foolish woman, and one who, in addition to her folly, is possessed of an overbearing vanity, will fancy that every man who is at all attentive to her is even disposed to be in love with her. A man may admire a woman greatly, yet be altogether fancy free regarding her; he may like her, and take pleasure in her society without feeling even a passing inclination to seek her as a companion for life. Indeed, it is quite possible that a man may love a woman, yet not be in love with her; since the two states of feeling are not identical.

Neither does the proverb that "love begets love" always hold true; on the contrary, many a man has been repelled by two much encouragement from a woman who, alas, did not know how to "play the game."

It belittles every girl to remember that love-making which takes care not to commit itself is a favorite pastime with not a few; neither is it a dangerous one when both the man and woman are armed cap-a-pie for the contest, and thoroughly understand the game. The pity is that so often it is played with edged tools, when some one is pretty sure to get hurt, and in most cases the some one is the woman.

Did Parnell Really Die?

By F. Cunliffe-Owen.

THROUGHOUT Ireland an impression prevails among the peasantry that Charles Stewart Parnell, the celebrated leader and statesman, is still in the land of the living, and during the South African war it was to be related among the poorer classes of the Emerald Isle that he was identified with the elusive and mysterious Boer General De Wet, writes F. Cunliffe-Owen in the Philadelphia Press of last Sunday.

It is alleged that Parnell, when he found that by marrying Mrs. O'Shea he had not made but marred the position of the ambitious and wonderfully brilliant woman to whom he had been so devotedly attached, when he realized that he could no longer rely upon the loyalty and discipline of his followers, and became convinced that his existence after the scandal in connection with the O'Sheas constituted a source of weakness to the cause of his beloved country, which would derive advantage from his disappearance, he resolved to vanish, either forever or at any rate until such time when Ireland had obtained her own government. It is added that the coffin purporting to contain his remains holds nothing but a mere lay figure of sand, and that, having shaved off his beard, he had made his escape in the guise of a priest without any difficulty whatever.

This story has been ridiculed and denounced as preposterous by some of the closest of the former political associates of the great Irish leader. But for all that it is widely believed among the peasantry and lower classes generally throughout the Emerald Isle.

Dixie's Kids and Goats.

IN Dixie almost every third youngster owns a goat and many have pairs of them. It is a common sight in any of the fashionable streets, even of large cities, to see well-groomed billies drawing miniature carriages with juvenile drivers. Many of the goats owned by Southern children are handsome animals.